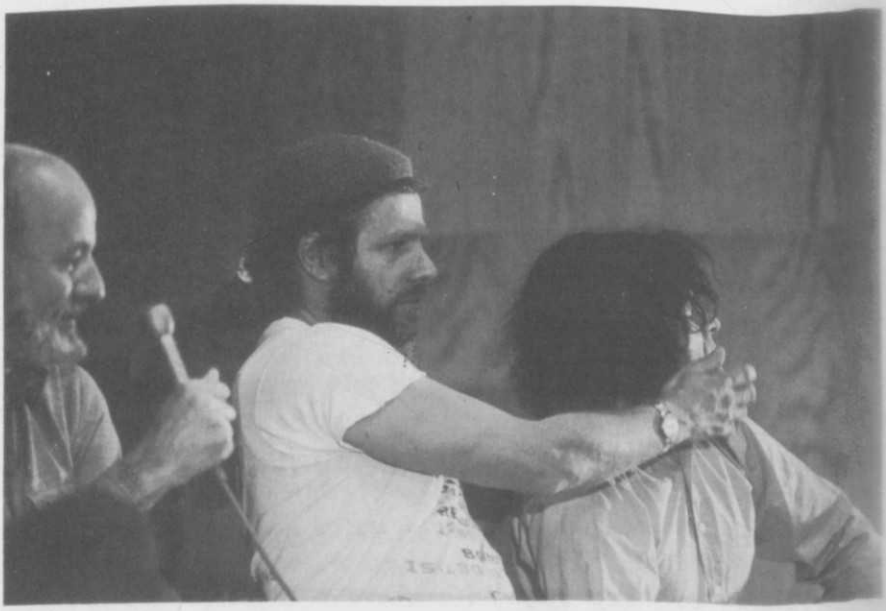

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Peter Orlovsky and Gregory Corso, Grand Forks, ND, March 1974. Photo by Dennis Sorenson.

Sept. or Oct. 1957

Dear Neal [Cassady] --

Come on you ole sonumbitch and get on that typewriter and write me your first letter in 5 years, if not to me, who? -- Tell me what happened after I left, Louanne, etc. -- My mother and I rode 4 days and 4 nights on the bus to Florida and got a $45 a month pad a week later then I went to NY for publication of my book & everything exploded -- To the point where, for instance, Warner Bros. wanted to buy On the Road for 110,000 dollars with me playing part of Sal Paradise and my agent turned it down because it wasnt enuf money or something -- Everybody asking me "WHO will play Dean Moriarty?" and I say "He will himself if he wants to" so boy maybe truly you can become movie star with luck (tho my girl Joyce says not to wish that fate on you) -- Allen in Amsterdam with Gregory and Peter writes that you should play the part yourself, and him Carlo, and me Sal -- But meanwhile I was asked to write 3-act play for BWay, which I did, just sent it in the other day, big shot producers reading it, again a part in there for you, for me, Allen, Peter, etc. it's the story of ACT ONE You and Al Hinkle walk in Al Sublette's kitchen play chess while Al and I toast Khayyam tokay and Charley Mew figures horses, Connie standing around, finally you and Charley and me play flute solos straight off that Visions of Neal tape of 1952... crazy scene. Second ACT: You and me alone at races, playing third choice, Pulido, dreams, talk, Cayce, girls, beer in cartons, etc. including the horse that spilled in the backstretch and nobody cared -- ACT THREE the night of the Bishop with Donovan, Bev, Carolyn, Allen, Peter, you, me, Bishop, Bishop's mother and aunt but all of it changed to Lynbrook L.I. to New York Scene and the Bishop is "of the New Aramean church" -- Nothing incriminating -- I mean only grayfaces wont like it -- Meanwhile magazines demanded shorts, so sold Baseball tale to Esquire for 500, article on Beatness to Pageant for 300, blues tale to

Playboy for 500, and sold book to German and Italian publishers -- Appeared on TV, John Wingate's NIGHTBEAT before 40 million viewers and talked about God monstrously had Wingate fluttering thru his prepared questions sweating I sprung God on him and he sprung dope on me -- went out got drunk with him after show -- Little Jack Melody phoned me at TV studio -- Had hotel room with publishers drunk rolling out my roll-Road-ms. on carpet for screaming interviewers, -- BWay producers bring beautiful models sit on edge of my (girl's) bed, ugh, wanted to make it so much with so many -- Went on 2 wild weekends with Lucien and wife and two kids to upstate cold nippy Fall red-apple country, drunk -- Everything happened and I was wondering: what has all this done to you, are people bugging you & chasing you in Frisco? Man, that Mercedes Benz ride of ours to Mexico City on El Paso Hiway not far off, I already (come next year) got enuf money to buy one! -- Main thing, is, movie sale, Marl Brando definitely interested, soon's he crawls outa bed and reads ROAD he buy it, meanwhile Paramount and Warners bickering -- gossip columnists report that Slim Gaillard will play himself in movie version! (we gets to get hi with Slim!) -- This time I no make faggot scene, but girls, girls, girls, -- only a few feelers from a few faggots in mail -- Went out drank ate with Henri Cru, Bob Donlin (who was snapped by Playboy magazine 150 color photos with me, I feed him bite of spaghetti, he kiss me, we fall down in Bowery, talk to bums) (later Stanley Gould shown with me in front of San Remo) -- everything happened -- I was drunk all the time, no more wine, just whiskey, which by the way is much easier than wine -- All the time wondering "What is Neal thinking?" and if I sell movie this Christmas, as likely, as I pray for, will convert 150,000 into monthly trustfund checks like Burroughs, not squander, will shoot right out to Frisco go stay with you at Los Gatos pad with money to burn on groceries, kicks, etc. -- Promised Buddha would go meditate whole month in mountain

solitude, eat no meat if sell movie spend whole month praying for all living creatures -- Fathers of St. Francis of Assissi church 34th st. New York saw me on TV talk about God and Francis and are giving mass for my spiritual and temporal welfare -- I also correspond now with mad nuns at a monastery who love me -- Write! I tell you more! Buddy as ever.

Jack

p.s. After brot mother to Florida I took foolish trip to Mexico City, just in time for earthquake. Went to find Esperanza, couldnt, she must be dead, went to find Garver, he dead, died in July, alone.... Finally old Garver dead -- I cried in Mexico, alone.... got drunk in Mexico, alone, stayed only 10 days and rode that bus again and again thru nightmare New Orleans again and again -- Saw Dick Hittleman in NY and he says "Come on man go down to Mexico and make it with Diane, she needs somebody like you" I said "You tryna kill me man?" -- wow -- Had for awhile swollen balls and no sex, suddenly got letter from Gary Snyder in Japan saying "I pray to Avalokitesvara Buddha and you be well quick" and suddenly as I read letter my balls went down and I been straight ever since and went to NY and balled with chicks and am straight again -- ??? -- The chick I really need is Gary's sister Thea -- question marks mean: How come Buddha answers all prayer? Man on TV (Wingate) said: "Can you tell us to whom you pray?" and I said "To my brother Gerard, my father Leo, Jesus Christ, Avalokitesvara Buddha, and Our Mother in Heaven." Meanwhile, man, here's what: when I get check for $300 every month trustfund I travel and ball all over world, to India, Japan, racetracks, Mexico, Europe, Paris, all over, I move fast and when I make a million my monthly check will be $8,000 and that's when you and I make time in your old plan that Lazy Charley was gonna bring you, no Lazy Jack is the system

Please give my love to Charley Mew, Al Hinkle, and

Al Sublette, hey? -- if you see them -- I saw Jane Belson at a mad party in NY too -- she was scared of me, I was drunk -- My exwife Joan got divorce in Juarez and now wants me to sign adoption papers so her new Arab husband Aly adopt.. I will move me and my Maw back to Richmond Hill Long Island next spring and then build me a logcabin on Lucien's land upstate and them will be my headquarters.

Now come on, Neal, reason I didnt see much of you in Frisco this last time was shortness of money.... no other reason -- so write and let's get on the ball here, HIBALL

Jack

Crooks of Montreal
Tossing up their lighters
To a cigarette of snow
Intending to plot evil
And break the pool machine
Tonight off Toohey's head
And the Frisco Fire Team
Came howling round
The corner of the dream.

— Jack Kerouac